# The Doctors Medicines and counsel which he gave to a Maid

A Cloak for a grosse Widdow.

There was a Maid would have a child
But yet no Man should her beguild,
Which made her to a Doctor go
To purge her self from top to toe
And then the Doctor his virdict gave
How with child she may conceive,
And this he spoke I witness can,
That she should prove with child without help of a Man.

To the Tune of, This will restore my Maiden-head again.

Dear young Ladies that in the street passes
Pray listen a while unto my new song,
'Tis not pitty I think 'tis pitty
That any Gentlewoman should want Males not wrong,
A Doctor of late whose name was Scant Kate
Whole dwelling in London was near Cripple-gate
Now to my self to declare it I can
How I could have a child without help of a man.

This Doctor the same, a man of great fame
Both far and near all in Physick report did proclaim,
Where other Doctors fell mett you can
That they cannot conceive without help of a man,
Then quoth he since so it must be
I have found out strange Medicins the which put in
Practice prove of a hundred fair ladies of a woman
That you shall prove with child without, &c.

Take the tail of a Fox that is three years long
And twitch your back with it for to keep it from wrong,
Eat the white of a Black-a-moor arse I do say
To comfort you up from swouning away,
The Wool of a Frog, the tuke of a Log
Well pickled together in the skin of a Dog,
And the Egg of a mouse-tail if get it you can
And you shall conceive, &c.

Take the marrow of a Lions left stick to your
And rub all your belly when as it doth ach,
Take the fists of the Serpent which Essex did
That will give you ease in your greatest pain,
The lobe of false Harlots, the faith of false
With y^e truth of Decoys that do walk in their
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a
And you, &c.

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Get the Gain of a Usurer that he throws away
And the dance of a Mouse when by the Cat play
As much like wife of a scolding Cities tongue
As this when thou get'st it will do thee no wrong
Drops of Rain, brought here from Spain
By the skill of a Gallows quite over the Main
Three pints of Urine, brew'd in a Beer Can
Will make you conceive without help of a Man.

Take the conscience of him that do cheat the poor,
And burns Widdows and Fatherless out of his door,
This Medicine I think much good may thee do
If hangs on the Gallows an hour or two,
Take the flattering which t'our Ale-wives belong
But don't take to much thy self to do wrong.
For when an Hostess won't flatter to gain what she can
Then you shall, &c.

Take such Pilgrim salve as your body can vent
For in your distress it will give you content,
Drink a draft of Canary out of a beer glass
Then stir with a fart from an old Womans Arse
Two pottles of lard squeez'd from a Hock hard
Five nine turkey Eggs each as long as a yard
With a Pudding of Hasty-Pone well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall, &c.

Get the love of a Chimney-man that makes pure
Dung for Farmers Chicken his Butter and Cheese
An Excise-man with an Hostess is loud I can tell
Then surely this Medicine will do very well.
A Dolphin that swims on Salisbury plain
The care of him will assuage all your pain
But when Punch is in compass of a little childs span
Then you shall, &c.

Get 8 pounds of truth out of a Millers sack
As much Taylors cabbidge to soften your back
Take a handful of charity which Lawyers do use
But don't take to much your self to abuse
Brokers honesty is very good
To bring desires may be withstood.
Three quarts of Charcoal in an Iron pan
Then you shall conceive, &c.

All you that would know where this Doctor do dwell
Pray go to the sign of the whip and egg shell,
In Blacket Alley his living is there
But bring Pony with you to pay for his Mare
His Specifics are good and approved have stood,
Well temper'd together all in a black Pood,
Pay the pounds your entrance then try if you can
If you don't conceive without help of a man.

What I have spoke I hope it is no treason
Since Non-sence by me, and others is in season.

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